
Title: Yew Times #20

Author: Yew Town Council

CURRENT NEWS
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DAY OF GLUTTONY
EAGERLY ANTICIPATED

This year it appears that no kitchen tables will go empty following an initiative by Britannia's armsmen and warriors to provide foodstuffs to fill the land's larders. Logicians feel confident that bringing down three giant mutants turkeys will be sufficient to meet the needs of the people this thanksgiving season with plenty left over for turkey sandwiches, casseroles and soup leading up to Christmas. Already, Britannia's brave warriors are schlepping through the bogs fighting off hoards of plague beasts and lizardmen to secure the needed cranberries to accompany the Thanksgiving repast. Belt buckles are already being loosened in anticipation of the upcoming gorge-fest. Meanwhile, the captain of the guard is familiarizing his men with the new lightning staffs that will be replacing their usual halberds. The new devices will be employed on Black Friday to control the unruly shopping mob the following day, where store owners will bait competitive shoppers with an artificial scarcity of

limited trinkets and
gee-gaws that will be
fought over tooth and
nail. The town guard will
then be called in to
subdue the feral crowd.
The guards' eyes twinkle,
looking upon the new toys
with visions of sugarplums
dancing in their heads.
And by sugarplums, we
mean shoppers; and by
dancing, we mean limbs
flailing from electric
shocks. Everyone looks
forward to a memorable
Thanksgiving holiday.

MASSIVE CONFLAGRATION AWES LOCALS

When adventurer Joshua
McThornton achieved his
grandmastery certification
in camping, the excitement
of his achievement had
waned and left him
soonafter. With the the
accomplishment of
thousands of secure
campsites behind him, he
embarked upon a goal of
far more grandiose
proportions to rekindle
the joy he once felt. He
would create the mother
of all campfires. With a
small fortune in funds, he
set about purchasing as
many commodity deeds for
lumber as he could get
his hands on. Boards
would be marinated in a
mixture of lantern oil and
other ingredients he called
his "recipe", then dried
before they could be
moved to the burn site.
A small crowd of 20-30
friends and curiosity
seekers stood before the
hill of lumber, furniture
and other flammables that
resembled a small
mountain, as Joshua set
a match to the pile. A
whoosh of flame erupted

from its core as Joshua
joined the observers at a
safe viewing distance. The
intensity of the blaze
increased and the crowd
was forced to retreat
further back due to
discomfort from the heat.
Meanwhile, the crowd
grew in almost direct
proportion to the height
of the flame towering
into the air, drawn from
the town to witness the
spectacle. The combination
of heat and light was so
great that alchemists
were said to have made a
killing in selling eyedrops
during the following days.
At some point, the
unexpected occurred. Like
moths to a flame, a
flock of geese flew
towards the blaze in
some sort of unexplained
instinctive phenomena, or
perhaps just drawn to
the warmth on a cold
autumn evening. But the
flock soon reached a
point of no return and
were abruptly overcome
by the conflagration with
many apparently roasted
in midair. The aroma of
roasted goose soon hit
the air, and a number of
the town's hungry
unfortunates rushed
forward to retrieve the
fallen birds, only to be
overcome by the heat
themselves and forced to
retreat. The rest of the
crowd just stared
transfixed as the flames
seemed to grow almost
exponentially over the
hours. Meanwhile,
residents of Luna pointed
to the bright dot blazing
in the heavens... It was
beautiful!

PUBLIC INTEREST

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SHRINE DESECRATION

CAUSES CULTIST IRE

Cultists of the Final
Culling urge action in
prosecuting the littering
and vandalism of the
various abandoned ruins in
Britannia. "These sites
are our public treasures
and should be treated as
such", says anonymous
spokesman of the
underground cult. "These
are sacred places where
folks can join together in
chant and sacrifice to
the dark entity of their
choice. But some people
don't have the common
decency to pick up their
trash when visiting these
sites. It's a sacrilege!
Just recently, one of our
seers stepped on a
broken bottle in her
sandals, and the cut was
so bad, that she couldn't
astral project for two
weeks due to the
throbbing pain. That's two
whole weeks where we
were unable to psychically
blackmail the powerful
ruling class for funds and
to do our bidding. If I
could have gotten my
hands on the person who
smashed that bottle, I
would have brought him
before the Yew court
and sued for pain and
suffering and lost wages,
as well as punitive
damages. Just days ago,
we were ready to
sacrifice a virgin during
the alignment for the
Blooding of the Moons
ritual to open the
gateway for the dark
lord's return, and again
the whole site was
trashed with broken
bottles. We were afraid
to lay the sacrifice on
top of the altar for
fear that she might get
hurt. We had to send

the novices back to the temple for brooms and rakes before we could even consider starting the ritual. Things have gotten so out of hand these days, that you can't even enjoy the most basic things in life due to the lack of consideration by these cretins. We can only hope that our dark lord hastens his arrival and helps change things around here. Praise his unspeakable name."

TURKEY DAY TIPS

If you waited to the last minute to buy a turkey and are tempted to obtain one through a back alley deal, be certain that the person you are dealing with is a certified poultry handler. Certain little things like tattoos can tip you off that the individual you are dealing with is not entirely on the level. Sure, poultry dealers wear gloves, aprons, and have blood all over them, but so do other unsavory types as well. Any legitimate poultry dealer should be well versed in a number of poultry related songs. Ask him to share one of his favorite poultry ditties. If he can't think of one, get out of there quickly. Just remember these tips, and play it safe this Turkey Day.

COMIC STRIPS

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[CRIME AND
PUNISHMENT]

* Picture of 2 thieves
locked up in a public

pillory with an angry mob
hurling rotten vegetables
at them *

Thief #1: This is the
largest crowd we'd had
yet.

Thief #2: I am tired of
this abuse. When we get
out of this, we should
look for real jobs.

Thief #1 What-And give
up show business?

[GRENDEL]

* Picture of 2 dragons
chatting. One is picking
his teeth with a jousting
lance, with a pile of
knight's armor at his
feet *

Dragon #1: It's tough
getting the shells off,
but once you get them
peeled, they're kind of
tasty!

[LIFE IN THE CEMETARY]

* Picture of a motherly
zombie serving a roasted
head on a platter to a
table of drooling zombies
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Zombies: BRAINS!!!!